That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted giues,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Iu. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.
Ro. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.
Iu. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweete to rest
The gray eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckeld like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles,
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this osier cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious iuiced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother is her tombe,
What is her burying graue, that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile, that on the e
But to the earth some speciall go
Nor ought so good, but straind
Reuolts from true birth, stumbli
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being
And vice sometime by action di

Enter Romeo

Within the infant rinde of this w
Poyson hath residence, and medi
For this being smelt with that pa
Being tasted slayes all sence with
Two such opposed Kings encan
In man as well as hearbes, grace
And where the worser is predon
Full soone the Canker death eate
Ro: Good morrow father.
Fr. Benedicite.
What early tongue so sweete sa
Young sonne, it argues a distemp
So soone to bid goodmorrow to
Care keepes his watch in euery o
And where Care lodges, sleepe w
But where vnbrused youth wit
Doth couch his lims, there golde
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me
Thou art vprouse with some dis
Or if not so, then here I hit it rig
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed
Ro. That last is true, the swee
Fri. God pardon sin, wast tho
Rom. With *Rosaline*, my gho
I haue forgot that name, and that
Fri. Thats my good son, bu
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou aske
I haue beene feasting with mine
Where on a sudden one hath wo

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.